A Congratulatory Poem:

Humbly offered to the

KING,

UPON

His Return Home,

After the Taking of

NAMUR.

By Mr. MANNING.

O Fama ingens, ingentior Armis,
Justitiæne prius mirer, Bellique Laborum?
Virg. Æneid. lib. xi.

LONDON,
Printed for *Peter Buck*, at the Sign of the *Temple*,
near *Temple-Bar* in *Fleetstreet*, 1695.

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To the KING,

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AT length bright Day ſucceeds the Shades of Night,
And *Sol* appears in his own Orb of Light.
Propitious Heaven with an indulgent Care,
Sends home a Monarch to diſpel our Fear.
A Fear, we might ſo juſtly entertain,
For where's our Union, when you ceaſe to reign?
Not us alone your ſacred Life ſecures,
The Fate of *Europe* is concern'd in Yours.
All other Lives but ſingle Comforts be,
You live to ſave the World from Tyranny.
Such *Theſeus* was, and ſuch *Alcides* aim,
The fall of Tyrants was their riſe in Fame.
Such the brave *MAURICE*, of late Memory,
That wondrous Man, who made his Country free.
No wild Ambition urges them to War,
No Thirſt of Blood, or Profit makes the jar;
'Tis Vertues ſelf, that ne're Repulſe admits,
And in untainted Honours firmly ſits;
Nor ever has reſpect to Dignities,
Exalted with the Noiſe of Vulgar Cries.

If to reſtore one's Country to its Peace,
And all its Freedoms nobly to increaſe,
Be made a Height of Vertue and Renown
As none will ever make a doubt to own:

What

What muſt yours be, and what proportion bear,
That has been active in a larger Sphere?
Not ſingly to your own you Safety ſend,
Your Charity doth far beyond extend:
Your prudent Care and Vigilance of State,
Has freed your Neighbours from approaching Fate.
Great Race! when Both ſuch Preſervations bring,
The Prince ſaves *Holland*, but the World the King.
Then live (Great Sir) your Lawrels to advance,
Go on to curb the towring Pride of *France*:
Namur reduc'd by your Victorious Hand,
Shews all things poſſible, where You command.
A ſtronger Fort not *Alexander* won,
Nor could he boaſt his Work more bravely done.
All Arts of War he to Perfection knew,
His Courage ſteady, and his Conduct true,
Great force of Soul! The ſame appears in You.
A nobler Prize no Hiſtory can find,
Obtain'd with utmoſt Gallantry of Mind.
Whilſt the proud Foe, concern'd to ſave the Town,
With a puiſſant Army marches on:
Collecting all his Strength, and coming near,
Confeſs'd his Weakneſs, and agreed to Fear.

Since Victory to be atteſted loves,
Great reaſon 'twas, he ſhould his Motto prove.
Secure of Time, of Numbers, and of Place,
He ſaw your Conqueſt, and his own Diſgrace.

Proceed, my Muſe, and with unſpotted Truth,
Rehearſe their Names, who ſignaliz'd their Youth,
And ſuch, whoſe Ages are yet more advanc'd,
Give each that Praiſe, which Valour has inhanc'd.

Next to the King, whoſe Courage is ſupream,
Whom firſt of Men all Nations do eſteem:

Bavaria,

Bavaria, the Generous and Great,
The Empire's Safety, and the *Spaniſh* Fate.
See *Vaudemont* too, a valiant Prince, and Wiſe,
Famous in War, and skill'd in Victories.
His late Retreat, ſo very finely done,
At leaſt is equal to a Battel won.
The brave *Athlone*, ſo well his Errand wrought,
That he poſſeſs'd thoſe Avenues he ſought:
In great Attempts ſo happy, that his Name,
Suffices to communicate his Fame.
Holſtein and *Wirtemberg* are ſeen from far
With *Overkirk*, all mighty Men in War.
Among the Engliſh Hero's *Cutts* appears,
Forward in Dangers, and the laſt in Fears:
Obſerve his Air, how fiercely he diſdains
The Canon's Fury, and the Lodgment gains.
Ormond the Bold, the Generous, and Wiſe,
Lays a juſt Title to his ſhare of Praiſe:
And *Portland* too, whoſe Goodneſs all commend,
That faithful Man, and moſt unequall'd Friend.
Let *Coborn*, *Ramſey*, *Swerin* and *La Caves*,
Compoſe the Rear of Hero's, whilſt we leave
The brave *Rivera* honour'd in his Grave.

Your Pardon (Sir) if I preſume to name
Four more, no ways inferior in Fame,
Who, tho' they acted in a lower Sphere,
Do well deſerve to be inſerted here:
Brave *Webb* and *Windſor*, *Stanhope*, *Codrington*,
All young, all gallant Men, of high Renown,
So Fought, that if old *Homer* had been there,
To celebrate their Fame, had been his Care.
Namur ſubdued to all the World is ſpread,
What Bays are wanting to adorn your Head?

This was a finish'd Stroak, a sure Presage
Of coming Glory, and of conquer'd Rage.
Let *Boileau* now, that Parasite of Gain,
Bend all the force and beauty of his Brain;
Consult his Gods with Legs and Arms across,
To know the cause of this unhappy Loss.
Such Walls they built no Human Art could frame;
Impregnable was the least fitting Name:
But see! the Gods do their own Work decline,
And fifteen thousand Men the Town resign.

Neptune and *Sol* deserve his Trust no more,
They run in Debt, but never pay the Score.
Boileau, next Year on safer Gods rely,
Or *Dinant* shares the fatal Destiny.

You (Sir) a better Deity implore,
Great Providence you wisely put before
All Human Wisdom, frail in every part:
You conquer Towns with a Religious Dart.
Let *Louis* boast of exquisite *Vauban*,
Megrigny too get all the Praise he can:
Let Mareschals of *France* his Armies lead,
With hopes of Conquest his Ambition feed:
Des-Preaux unite the *Sambre* and the *Maes*,
And still deserve for Flattery the Bays:
Both shall your Armies pass, such Pow'r is given
To th' cause of Nations, and the cause of Heaven.

When *Villeroy* upon discretion takes
Two small unvalued * Garrisons, and breaks
The common Use and Articles of War,
Abusing those, who are bereft of Power,
Methinks I see a great, impending change,
For, Honour gone, no Accident is strange.
When once a Foe makes use of mean Designs,
His own Affairs in poor condition finds.

* Dixmude and Deynse.

The

The Forts thus taken by this wondrous Chief,
Justice and Art combine for their Relief.
Your Conduct (Sir) so opportunely shewn,
Obtains their Liberty and safe Return.

Where Valour and true Policy are joyn'd,
What may we not expect from such a Mind?
The one directs to great and useful things,
Whilst t'other executes th' advice it brings.

In You these happy Qualities are found,
Where Royal Grace and Clemency abound:
Where every Vertue has its residence,
And each Misfortune a secure defence:
Born to oblige and recommend this Age,
In spite of Malice, and in spite of Rage.
You reign o'er those, whom Sense and Honour tye;
The Beast will have a Brutal liberty:
But if exorbitant and wild he grows,
You know your Power and can see your Foes.
No Government was ever half so mild,
Your Mercy doth above your Justice weild.
So smooth each Path, and so serene its Course,
So just your Limits, without Fraud or Force,
That all confess their Happiness is true,
And see the Golden Age renew'd by You.

Excellent Prince! who dost ascribe each Praise
To him, who can reduce, and great ones raise.
His Angel 'twas, who did before you move,
And helpt you to subdue the Wall of * *Jove*.
Tam'd savage Hearts, and made Affections bend,
As Osiers do, saluted by the Wind.
You nothing own but Heaven's Instrument,
No Godhead You, but to assert One sent:
Such Grandeur, in the height of Victory,
Is scarcely seen with so much Modesty.

* The King of France, whom Boileau compares to Jupiter.

What

VVhat now remains, or can we wiſh for more,
Since you are landed on the *Britiſh* Shore?
The Darling's Life, ſecur'd from any fear,
Is not more welcome to a Mother's Ear.
The common People Acclamations bring,
Accoſt your Chariot, and bleſs the King.
The Citizen remov'd from all his Frights,
Now decorates each ſpacious *Street* with Lights.
The Merchant too his grateful Joy relates,
And gives You Thanks for *Ruſſel* in the *Streights*.
The buſy Man of Law ſuſpends a while
His Application, and conſents to ſmile.
The Prieſt, whoſe Mind a ſacred Fury burns,
Sings Hallelujahs for your Return.
The Courtier with obſequious Duty bows,
And gladly pays thoſe *Services* he owes.

But moſt of all, *Apollo*'s humble *Train*
Revive their Numbers, and exert their Brain.
Your ſafe Return's ſo powerful a Theme,
That *Silence* is interpreted a Crime.
But when you add ſuch ſtore of Argument,
And Valour's anſwer'd by ſo juſt event,
VVhat Man is able to delay your Bays,
Or not declare ſo merited a Praiſe?

Thrice happy Monarch! whom thy *Subjects* love,
VVhoſe equal *Government* they daily prove.
Thrice happy Iſle! ſecure from VVar's alarms,
Thy Prince's abſence, and inteſtine harms.
Your fuller Praiſe let *DORSET*'s Pen rehearſe,
And undertake a *Song* in juſter Verſe.
He (*Sir*) can repreſent with noble Fire
A Hero, whom I reach but to admire.

FINIS.

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